

of vanity and woe. I will continue in it no longer !”

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which despair had armed with a dagger, to strike it deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a Being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling Califf, and said, with a majestic smile, “Follow me to the top of yonder mountain.”

“Look from hence, said the heavenly conductor, I am Coloe, the angel of peace; look from hence into the vale below.”

Bozaldab obeyed, and beheld a barren, sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries, nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected, to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit very evening to watch the setting-sun; and
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to make a signal to any ship that might fortunately approach the island.

“Inhabitant of heaven, cried Bozaldab, suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.” “Peace, said the angel, and observe.”

He looked again, and beheld a vessel approach the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels in his casket! No sooner had this merciless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they first discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored,---in vain.

“Will heaven permit such injustice to be practised!” (exclaimed Bozaldab.) “Look again, said the angel, and behold the very ship, in which, short sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from his dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice by which he
became